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THE

MASSACHUSETTS

SABBATH SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK.

BOSTON:
MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,
Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.
1843.

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COMPILED FOR THE MASS. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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5865

LET THE WORD OF CHRIST DWELL IN YOU RICHLY IN ALL WISDOM; SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEARTS TO THE LORD, GIVING THANKS ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS UNTO GOD AND THE FATHER, IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ST. PAUL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The want of a good collection of Hymns for the use of our Sabbath Schools, has long been felt by Ministers, Superintendents, and Teachers; for, although there is no dearth of Hymn Books, with and without music, there is no one with which we are acquainted, which seems to be, in all respects, just what is needed. The Books, generally used in our public and social worship, are too large and expensive for our purpose; and those which have been compiled expressly for Sabbath Schools, contain too many hymns that are either not well adapted to musical expression, and of course will not be often sung; or are of a too didactic character for meetings in which the direct communication of instruction is the principal object; or are disfigured and degraded by childish expressions, which cannot be adopted by adults, and are not necessary even for little children.

The compiler of the following pages has endeavored to avoid these defects, and to furnish a cheap collection

of choice Hymns, correct in sentiment, elevated in style, and highly devotional in their character, which may be used with equal satisfaction and profit by all classes of scholars, and realize the great end of sacred music, which is the excitement and expression of devotional feelings. Whether, and how far he has been successful in this attempt, those for whom the book is prepared must judge.

It is hoped that this collection, although primarily designed for the use of Sabbath Schools, will be found profitable in all meetings for social worship, and that, by the Divine blessing, it may be the means of uniting many voices and hearts in the praises of God and the Lamb.

Cambridge, June, 1843.

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THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 C. M.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

2 C. M.

Excellence of the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

3 C. P. M.

1 How precious, Lord, thy sacred word!
What light and joy those leaves afford,
To souls in deep distress!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threat'nings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
And gives a free reward.

4 L. M.

Nature and Scripture compared.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 C. M.

Light and Glory of the Word.

1 The Spirit shines upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory break upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

6 C. M.

Study of God's Word.

1 Happy the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ their Lord,
For ever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

7 S. M.

1 I HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

2 O, who can ever find
The error of his ways?
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

8 C. M.

The Seed of the Word.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:

The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

9 C. M.

Supplication for a Blessing on the Word.

1 Thy gracious aid, great God, impart,
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.

2 O, speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

10 L. M.

Existence of God manifest from his Works.

1 There is a God,—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,—
Bow down before him, and adore.

11 8s & 7s.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4 : 8.

1 Holy! holy! holy! holy!
Lord, the God of hosts, art thou!
Self-existent, reigning ever,
At thy throne pure spirits bow;
Pure to us, but not to thee,
Infinite in purity!

2 Did we feel thy spotless nature,
Did we know thy boundless might,
Or imagine how abhorrent
Is the sinner in thy sight,
Surely, scarcely should we dare
To present ourselves in prayer.

3 But as infinite in mercy,
As in purity and power,
'Tis by thy supreme compassion,
We are holden to this hour;
And a Saviour's righteousness
Thou wilt sure approve and bless.

12 8s & 7s.

Thrice Holy.

1 Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.
Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

3 Ever thus, in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite;
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

4 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most high!"

13 C. M.

God's Power over his Works.

1 The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God!

14 C. M.

God is every where.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

15 C. M.

God is Love.

1 Amid the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

16 C. M.

God glorious in the Salvation of Sinners.

1 Father, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies!

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms:

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue!

17 L. M.

God Eternal and Immutable.

1 All-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign!

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

18 S. M.

The Unchanging God.

1 How bright is yonder sun,
In morning splendor drest!
All nature hails the glorious one,
And rises from her rest!

2 Yet all shall pass away,—
Heaven's highest orbs shall fade;
And this fair, lovely earth decay,
A wild and fleeting shade.

3 But my eternal Lord,
Thou ever art the same;
Unmoved, unchangeable thy word,
All glorious thy name!

4 My Father and my Friend,
Thou Lord of light above,
Thy mercy hath no bound, no end,—
Eternal is thy love!

5 A frail and guilty thing,
To thee I lift mine eye,
And while to Jesus' cross I cling,
Thy wrath shall pass me by.

6 O, tell me I am thine!—
That word shall soothe my heart,
And joy shall o'er my spirit shine,
And each dark fear depart!

7 And swiftly borne on high,
On seraph's wing of fire,
I'll join the music of the sky,
With an immortal lyre!

19 L. M.

Perfections and Providence of God.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,—
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

20 C. M.

The Attributes of God our Confidence.

1 Great God! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,

The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3 O, may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

THE WORKS, PROVIDENCE, AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

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21 C. M.

The Works of God.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where.

22 L. M.

Midnight Hymn.

1 WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of thee;
I feel thee in the gloom of night,
I view thee in the morning light.

2 When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

3 If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as the Comforter appears,
My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

4 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thy arm upholds, thy power protects;
With thee when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

5 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
O, Sun of righteousness, arise!
Dispel the fogs of mental night,
Being of beings,—Light of light!

23 L. M.

Deliverances acknowledged.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head,—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

24 C. M.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save:

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

25 11s.

God our Shepherd.

1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy king-
dom of love.

26 8s & 7s.

God our Almighty Help.

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;

But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we then the Lord's Anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who to Christ his prayer addressed.

27 L. M.

Paternal Providence of God.

1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

4 Be this my care!—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

28 S. M.

Providence and Grace.

1 O thou, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!

Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy wondrous works,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

3 'T is thine all-powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

29 S. M.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
'Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

30 C. M.

God our Shepherd.

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

CHRIST.

31 7s.

Star of Bethlehem.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

32 C. M.

The guiding Star.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode,
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

33 6s & 10s.

The Nativity.

1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat, while all around
The gentle, fleecy brood,
Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

3 When lo! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wondering sight,

Harping in solemn quire, in robes arrayed,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

6 Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born:
(Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime)
Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time!

34 C. M.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

35 7s.

Advent of Christ.

1 HARK!—the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
See the great Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

36 7s.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;

The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty God.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

37 C. M.

Design of Christ's Advent.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night—
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

38 8s & 7s.

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

1 Hail, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

39 7s.

Christ our Light.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

40 S. M.

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

41 L. M.

Christ a Pattern for his Followers.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

42 C. M.

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

1 Thou art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

43 8s & 7s.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of life and light Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

4 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

5 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

44 C. M.

Praise for Redemption.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died"—they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"—
"Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

45 C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

1 Strike then, O, strike the golden strings,
And sing the name divine,
From whence thy joy perennial springs,
The seraph's Lord, and thine.

2 Sing the unfathomable love,
The wisdom, truth and grace
Of him who left the world above,
To take the sinner's place:

3 Removed the cup of grief from thee,
And drank its deepest wo;
And bade thy soul, from sorrow free,
His joy for ever know.

4 He is thy joy, he is thy praise
Who did thy soul redeem,
And he shall be to endless days,
Thine unexhausted theme.

5 That fount of purest pleasure knows
No changes nor alloy;
The joy that from God's PRESENCE flows
To EVERLASTING joy.

46 C. M.

Singing the Song of the Redeemed.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,

Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven.

47 6s & 4s.

1 Come, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour s love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

48 S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Sing on rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

49 8s & 7s.

Praise to Christ.

1 Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

50 8s & 7s.

The Cross of Christ.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

51 C. M.

Christ my Refuge.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise:
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

52 C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

53 C. M.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?

Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

5 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

54 7s & 6s.

Pardon and Peace implored.

1 Lamb of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all sin do thou release;

O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

55 S. M.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

56 C. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

57 L. M.

The Crucifixion.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head—his hands—his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing—so divine,
Demands my soul—my life—my all.

58 7s.

Darkness of the Tomb scattered by Christ.

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade!
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

59 C. M.

1 He, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,

Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious he—how happy they,
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

60 8s & 7s.

Christ in Glory.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Thou for us art interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your loudest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HOLY SPIRIT.

61 C. M.

Death in Trespasses and Sins.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

62 7s.

1 Gracious Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for I am thine.

63 L. M.

For the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

64 S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

65 S. M.

1 Blest Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

66 C. M.

For the Day of Pentecost.

1 Spirit of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love!

67 S. M.

Influences of the Spirit implored.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;

Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

68 C. M.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

1 Spirit of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills:—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

69 S. M.

God working in the Soul.

1 'Tis God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;

And hope at last to reach the prize
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

70 C. M.

The Coming of the Holy Ghost.

1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sins.

3 The things of God the Spirit takes
And shows them unto men;
The contrite soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

THE GOSPEL.

71 C. M.

The Gospel hailed.

1 Salvation!—O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

72 7s.

Invitation of the Gospel.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear,
"Love's redeeming work is done!
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?

On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid,
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

73 L. M.

Jesus teaching the People.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

74 S. M.

Salvation by Grace.

1 Grace!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

75 S. M.

The Gospel Ark.

1 O, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

76 C. M.

A blessed Gospel.

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

77 S. M.

Ministers the Bearers of glad Tidings.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

78 C. M.

God's gracious Call to Sinners.

1 Let us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above:
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

2 Lord, help us now to seek thy face,
By Christ the living way;
And praise thee for this hour of grace
Through an eternal day!

THE SABBATH AND THE SANCTUARY.

79 7s. 6l.

A Blessing desired.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

80 10s.

1 Again the day returns of holy rest, [blest;
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety—and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

81 S. M.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

82 L. M.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To list the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour!—for then where he resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God—the gate of heaven.

5 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

6 And when my hours of prayer are past,
O, may I leave these Sabbath days,
To find eternity at last
A never ending hour of praise.

83 C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapped
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a Sun that broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wing
To nations yet unborn.

84 L. M.

The House of God.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Beings of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

85 C. M.

1 In thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

86 S. M.

What we meet for.

1 O Jesus, not for pride
Or selfishness we meet;
For prayer and praise we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

2 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy gracious presence feel!

4 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

87 L. M.

Public Worship.

1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
While we, at humble distance, taste
The vast delights thy worship gives.

88 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down—lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick—the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

89 7s.

Engagedness in Devotion.

1 Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels:
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

90 7s.

For a Blessing upon the Word.

1 Saviour, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work—the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice!
Send—O send thy truth abroad!
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it—and return to God.

91 C. M.

Longing for the eternal Sabbath.

1 When, dearest Saviour, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a vail between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amid a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

92 C. M.

Joyful Worship at Church on the Sabbath.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below:
Make her in holiness excel—
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

93 S. M.

Love to Zion.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

94 L. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

95 S. M.

For Sabbath Schools.

1 Within these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down;
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

96 S. M.

The Day of Rest. Morning or Evening.

1 Sweet is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

97 C. M.

Place of Worship delightful.

1 O God of hosts! the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place
Where we, with holy joy, behold
The brightness of thy face!

2 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
Which to thy dwelling lead.

3 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King, my God!
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

98 L. M.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

99 L. M.

The eternal Sabbath.

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O, long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

100 C. M.

Pure Worship.

1 The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,

Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear,
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute, but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

101 C. M.

The Good Seed. After Sermon.

1 Almighty God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

102 C. M.

After Divine Service.

1 Again our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our blest employ,
Till life's extremest hour.

103 S. M.

After Sermon.

1 We hear the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
And now thy throne of grace surround,
To bless thee for thy word.

2 The message we obey,
That proffers life and peace;
O, while we leave these courts to-day,
Let holy joys increase.

104 P. M.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 To thee, our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Who meet before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heaven our home;
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

105 6s & 4s.

Invocation.

1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!

Come, and thy people bless,
Give thy good word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

106 7s.

Universal Praise.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him, from the depths beneath;

Praise him, in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

107 7s.

1 Oh, that men their songs would raise,
All his goodness to declare!
All Jehovah's wonders praise,
Wonders which their children share!

2 Where his holy altars rise,
Let his saints adore his name;
There present their sacrifice,
There with joy his works proclaim.

108 S. M.

Praise from all Nations.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

109 C. P. M.

God's Love seen in Nature.

1 My God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

110 8s & 7s.

Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim!

2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore thee!
Thee, our Saviour! thee, our God!
From thy throne, let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.
Hallelujah, Amen.

111 7s.

Humble Adoration and Praise.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

112 7s.

1 Heavenly Father,—sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

5 There, no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to thee may ever sound.

6 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!

113 L. M.

All Praise due to God.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;

Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast, and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast, and immortal be thy praise!

114 S. M.

1 Sing to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
'T was he, who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;

We're guarded by his daily care,
And on his bounty live.

4 Good is the Lord our God;
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

115 L. M.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

116 S. M.

1 Almighty Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffused abroad,
Through all creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator, too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And oft to God my soul ascend,
In grateful songs of praise.

117 L. M.

Song of Adoration.

1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.

4 O, may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

118 S. M.

Call to Worship.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

119 C. M.

Te Deum.

1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets, crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

THANKSGIVING.

120 L. M.

Morning.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

121 L. M.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

122 7s.

All from God. Morning or Evening.

1 Father! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;

Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

123 L. M.

Morning or Evening Song.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;

Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

124 C. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

125 C. M.

Goodness of God. Morning.

1 Delightful is the task, to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.

2 The countless worlds, which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,

Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O, how great his love!

3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope and grace impart,
To heal the wounded mind.

4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

5 Delightful is the task, O Lord,
With each returning day
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

126 L. M.

Praising God through the whole of our Existence.

1 God of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

127 C. M.

Thanks for an abundant Harvest.

1 Fountain of mercy! God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as thy move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine:
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

128 S. M.

God our constant Benefactor.

1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,—
A gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

129 7s.

Providence adored in all Changes.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse;

3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

4 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

130 C. M.

God's merciful and constant Protection.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

131 L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the latter day.

5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

132 L. M.

Praise for signal Deliverance.

1 Lord, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my silent grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
O, fear and love him, all his saints,
Accept his grace, and trust his word.

133 S. M.

Spiritual and temporal Mercies.

1 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save

5 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

134 C. M.

Blessings of Providence and Grace.

1 Almighty Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the youthful prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought,
From thine exhaustless store;
But O, in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine,—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

135 C. P. M.

1 Great God! our voice to thee we raise;
Tune thou our lips and hearts with praise,
Thy goodness to adore:
Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise—on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor.

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings!
Our shield and refuge be:
Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
Through Christ, the life, the way, the truth,
That we may come to thee!

3 While friends their generous aid afford,
Accept the kind intention, Lord,
And crown it with thy love;
Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues
In nobler praise above.

136 H. M.

For Sabbath Schools.

1 Come, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise:
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise:
To God alone all praise belongs,
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

137 8s & 7s.

Praise to God.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

138 C. M.

1 My God, my King, to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my powers;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song
When time and nature dies.

139 7s.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,—
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove;
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

140 7s.

Thanksgiving.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

141 7s.

Sins confessed and mourned.

1 God of mercy!—God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

142 L. M.

Amidst Temptation.

1 My gracious Lord! whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor death can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

2 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience dragged, or custom led,
I come; nor know that God is there!

3 O God, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given;
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

4 Would aught with thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from thee.

143 L. M.

Communing with our Hearts.

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
True strength to break temptation's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

144 S. M.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

145 C. M.

Inconstancy in Religion.

1 Perpetual Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
As sure as heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

146 C. M.

Pardon implored.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

147 C. M.

Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.

1 Long have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

SUPPLICATION.

148 C. M.

Retirement.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree:
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My SAVIOUR—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee! and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound through realms above,
When time shall be no more.

149 S. M.

Converting Grace desired.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

150 L. M.

1 O turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued;
A conscience pure—a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.

3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

151 C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father who in heaven art!
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come—thy will be done,
Throughout this earthly frame,—

2 As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Who dwell with thee on high
Lord, let thy bounty, day by day
Our daily food supply.

3 As we forgive our enemies,
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But from all evil save.

4 For kingdom, power, and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;

Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

152 6s & 5s.

1 Our Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
O give to us daily
Our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
For ever—Amen.

153 L. M.

1 Father, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth like heaven obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

154 L. M.

Divine Guidance.

1 Saviour of them that trust in thee,
Once more, with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart, and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

2 For mercies past we praise thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven:
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

3 When'er we walk on danger's height,
Or tread temptation's slippery way,
Be nigh, to lead our steps aright,
That word our guide, that arm our stay.

4 Be ours thy fear and favor still,
United hearts, unchanging love;
No scheme, that contradicts thy will,
No wish, that centres not above.

5 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

155 7s.

For Strength.

1 Son of God, thy blessing grant.
Still supply my every want;

Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy fruit my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas, am I;
Without thee I droop and die:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me, to the end!
Give me thy supporting grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

156 7s.

The Orphan's Prayer.

1 When my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah, from afar;
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer!

2 When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,
"Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high!"

3 Should the world deceitful prove,
When no more its help I share;
Though decayed a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care;—

4 Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend,
Shall a parent's place supply,
He my Guardian, Father, Friend!

157 L. M.

Prayer for Youth.

1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

2 While in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their guardian, thou their guide;
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To read thy word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart:
O Saviour! let them all be thine,—
Take full possession of each heart!

158 8s, 7s & 4s.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

159 C. M.

Sustaining Grace implored.

1 God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love!

160 7s.

Safety in God.

1 Gracious Lord, disclose thy way,
In thy path my feet sustain:
While my foes my steps survey,
Make the path of duty plain:—

2 Nor my fainting spirit yield
To the foes which round me rise;
From the great accuser shield,
Cruel power, or slanderous lies.

3 Had not faith revived my breast,
Oft my soul had sunk in wo;
Now, through life, assured I rest,
All thy goodness, Lord, to know.

4 Wait, then, Israel, on the Lord;
Still with courage cheer thy heart.
Wait, for faithful is his word,
He will grace and strength impart.

5 Thou hast placed my foot aright,
Therefore I my voice will raise,
With thy saints, before thy sight,
In unceasing hymns of praise.

161 C. M.

Dedication to God.

1 Eternal Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, O let us be!
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

162 S. M.

Seeking God.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

163 C. M.

Confidence in God.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart will rest on thee.

164 C. M.

God the only Object of Worship.

1 O God, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

165 L. M.

The Soul returning to God.

1 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive

166 S. M.

1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

167 C. M.

Solitude.

1 I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;

And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

168 7s.

1 Lamb of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind!
To thy cross our spirits bind:
Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;

They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

169 C. M.

Prayer for God's Presence.

1 O COULD I find from day to day
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

170 C. M.

For a holy Heart.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels how good,
How kind thou art to me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

171 C. M.

Longing for a closer Walk with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

172 7s.

The Soul panting for God.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,

So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

173 8s & 7s.

Divine Love.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

174 C. M.

For Guidance and Protection.

1 God of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O, spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

175 C. M.

Acquiescence in the Divine Will.

1 Author of good! we rest on thee;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence,
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

176 L. M.

Following after God.

1 O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

177 C. M.

Relying on God in Time of Trial.

1 FATHER of lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

3 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art!
Above the world, and all its power,
And greater than our heart.

4 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH HIS PEOPLE.

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178 C. M.

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'am and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

179 C. M.

God's covenant Mercy.

1 Give thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 The covenant which he kept in mind
Through ages that have gone,
Ages to come shall ever find
As lasting as his throne.

3 He swore to Abra'am and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 Like pilgrims through the desert ground,
The tribes securely moved;
And haughty kings, that on them frowned,
Severely he reproved.

5 He gave them Canaan for their rest,
The type of heavenly joys;
Through them, the nations shall be blest,
And in thy name rejoice.

6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The saints renounce their fear;
The church shall live from age to age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

180 C. M.

An abiding Covenant.

1 My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,—
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart;
And while descending to the tomb,
Shall cheer my trembling heart.

181 C. M.

Children given to Christ.

1 Behold what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To little children he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Our infants in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls;
Nor dare his claim deny;
While his own word to us declares
That such may heaven enjoy.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

182 S. M.

Baptismal Covenant.

1 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How bounteous is thy grace,
Which, in the covenant of thy love,
Includes our rising race!

2 The promise, how divine,
To Abra'am and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying every need."

3 These children of our care
We dedicate to God:
We plead the promise in our prayer;
We plead thy precious blood.

4 Thy goodness we adore,
We sing thy matchless grace,—
The covenant for ever sure,
To thy believing race.

183 C. M.

Children devoted to God in Baptism.

1 Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'am believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thy covenant embrace;
Our infant offspring now we bring,
And supplicate thy grace.

184 C. M.

Baptism of Infants.

1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
When infants in thy tender arms
Receive thy kind embrace.

3 We bring our little ones to thee,
And make the fond request;
Let them be thine eternally,
And be for ever blest.

4 Their feeble frames thy power can raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
Can give them tongues to sing thy praise,
And hands to do thy will.

5 O, take our offspring to thy care,
Fill them with grace divine;
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

185 C. M.

Prayer for Sanctification of Children.

1 O God of Abra'am, hear
The parents' humble cry;
In covenant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love
In mercy thou hast given,
That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heaven.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word,
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee;
O, lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

186 S. M.

Asking for Blessings upon Children.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
And make their youthful spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O, what a vast delight,
Their penitence to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
And bring that soul-reviving hour,
Which makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
And follow on to know the Lord;
Nor fear reproach or shame.

187 L. M.

The Family Altar.

1 Father of all! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
In mercy they have been sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
And every soul within the place,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may our rising seed proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While pleased and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

188 S. M.

Know the Lord.

1 My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
He'll listen to thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
Nor ever be forgiven.

189 C. M.

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

1 O Lord, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife:
But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

190 L. M.

Infant Baptism.

1 O Lord, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our children to thy throne;
Give them within thy heart a place,
Let them be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from them each stain of guilt,
And let them all be sanctified;
Lord, thou canst cleanse them if thou wilt,
And all their native evils hide.

3 We ask not for them earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame:
The sum of our request is this—
That they may love and fear thy name.

4 These children, we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care:
We lay them at thy sacred feet,
Thou wilt not let them perish there.

191 8s & 7s.

Children commended to Christ.

1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm:
There, we know,—thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

192 C. M.

Journeying through Death to Life.

1 Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

193 S. M.

Uncertainty of life.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

194 C. M.

The Soul's Beauty unfading.

1 Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

2 Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade;
Thou, too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

195 L. M.

The Young cut off in their Prime.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay, their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

196 8s, 7s & 4s.

Support in Death.

1 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through this darksome way:
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

197 10s.

Death of a Christian in his Prime.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave—for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

3 Go to the grave—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

198 S. M.

The Issues of Life and Death.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what appalling horrors hang
Around the Second Death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone.

199 L. M.

The Righteous blessed in Death.

1 Sweet is the scene when Christians die,
When sinks the weary soul to rest,
How mildly beams the closing eye,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which the unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blessed the righteous when he dies!

200 P. M.

At a Funeral.

1 Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 'Earth to earth,' and 'dust to dust,'
The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother! soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

201 C. M.

At a Funeral.

1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Dear spirit, rest thee now,

E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow home beneath,
Soul, to its rest on high,
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

202 C. M.

A Warning from the Grave.

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

4 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven, or hell!

203 L. M.

Eternal Life.

1 I live to die, I die to live,
And live, no more to die again;

In death I shall a life receive,
In worlds remote from death and pain.

2 This life I owe to him who died,
And rose, and reigns in yonder skies;
I triumph through the crucified,
And dead with Christ, with Christ shall rise.

3 His wondrous death my life ensures,
His wondrous rising death destroys;
While Jesus lives, my life endures,
That life the measure of my joys.

4 Then let me live, and let me die,
To him who lived and died for me;
That I may rise with him on high,
To life and immortality.

204 L. M.

Light of Religion.

1 Were all our hopes and all our fears
Confined within life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;

2 Did not a sunbeam break the gloom,
And not a floweret smile beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell amid the shades of death?

3 And such were life without the ray
From our divine religion given:
'Tis this, that makes our darkness day;
'Tis this, that makes our earth a heaven.

4 Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

205 C. M.

The Promised Land.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

206 L. M.

The Last Day.

1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

OCCASIONAL.

207 L. M.

Anniversary Hymn.

1 To thee, O Lord, we thus draw nigh,
And laud thee each returning year;
Let all the graces from on high,
In us, as babes in Christ, appear.

2 When up to manhood's prime we grow,
Or woman's ripening years attain,—
Advanced in grace as age below,
In us each Christian temper reign.

3 And O, if onward still we move,
Let us, when old, at thy command,
As fathers to the churches prove,
As mothers in thine Israel stand.

4 With hope that bears the spirit hence,
The life of faith in every stage,—
The strength, the child-like innocence,
And all the mellowness of age;

5 With these united all in one,
As varying schools are blended here,
May we, when once our course is run,
Complete in Christ, with Christ appear.

208 L. M.

Sabbath School Anniversary.

1 From year to year in love we meet;
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The thrilling joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number marked to fall:
Be young and old prepared alike;
The warning is to each, to all.

4 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew;
Send teachers, children, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

209 P. M.

For a New Year.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.'

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word—
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'

210 7s.

Swiftness of Time. New Year.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

211 S. M.

Purposes on beginning a Year.

1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

212 7s.

Spring.

1 Pleasing spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!

2 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.

3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again!

4 O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past:
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

MISSIONARY.

213 8s, 7s & 4s.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Alway to the end of time.

214 7s.

For the Spread of the Gospel.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

215 L. M.

For Laborers in God's Harvest.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our degenerate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

216 7s & 6s.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them;
Still let them be with thee!

217 C. M.

1 Almighty Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed:

Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void!

2 Give thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne.
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

218 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?

In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

219 7s.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

220 H. M.

1 All hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold!
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 O haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

3 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

C. M.

Let God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise.
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

7s.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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